

other day grabbed his chest
and died.
I guess, somewhere,
a decision
was made.

PARSONS' DICTIONARY

about as heavy
as a rainbow trout, when held
by the gills.

— Jeff Parsons

Whiterock, B.C., Canada

ROBERT FROST

"I can't stand that pompous bastard I saw
him on television saying how he
couldn't understand how anybody could
live in a place like Levittown with its
identical boxes for houses and
how he had an architect design his
farmhouse in Vermont that really gets my
balls I'd like to see him hire an architect
on a janitor's salary I can barely
make the mortgage on this box doesn't
he think we'd all be living in beautiful
houses with acres of land if we could
afford it? And I bet he thinks he writes
for the working man I don't know how people
fall for crap like that he oughta get a
job with me that would stop him from writing
cute poems about snow and fences who
does he think it is that plows that shit
off the streets? Me — that's who and I can't
even afford a fence to keep those damn
brats from next door out of my front yard
I'm sick of those poet-sons-of-bitches
get me another beer," my father said.

IT TAKES ONE TO KNOW ONE

"It is difficult to read the poetry
without remembering the man: and
the man was humourless and pedantic,"
said T.S. Eliot of Shelley.